Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.*

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

As most of our readers have doubtless heard of Uncle Tom's Cabin," and as we imagine but few of them have read it, we propose in this article to capt what Uncle Tom's Cabin is. It is simply a fiction, belonging to that class of books known as *novels*. This novel is the production of a Northern lady, known as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher. The motive that in all probability prompted Mrs. Stowe to write this story, as is the case with all novel writers, was of a pecuniary character. She had doubtless wanted for sometime before she commenced her work, as did Lord Byron when he began to write his Don Juan—"a hero." Well what was to be her hero? Was he to be a soldier who was in love with some palefaced beauty with auburn hair, beautiful blue eyes, ivory teeth, alabaster neck, a small delicate hand with beautifully tapered fingers, tiny feet, and a form of faultless proportions—a perfect beauty, who reciprocated the passion of her lover—and yet before he could taste the delectable cup of connubial bliss, he must wade through oceans of blood, and make ten thousand hairbreadth escapes? No; too many such stories as this had already been written, to justify her entering into the exploration of such a field of romance with a view of making money. Was the hero to be a love-sick swain, breathing long breaths? No. Was he to be some talented young gentleman whom she was to bring from obscurity and chil penury through his industry, perseverance, and strict attention to business, to some high position of honor and trust, and finally wed the object of his primitive love?—No. Was he to be a jolly tar, performing feats of daring and intrepidity, and after circumnavigating the globe a dozen of times, experiencing all the hardships and dangers incident to the life of a sailor, he finally returns to his native cottage and dies of the ship fever on the very day he was to have been united to his old flame? No. Hundreds of stories like these and many others had been written before.—Well, what was she to do? She had surveyed the whole field of fiction, and was about to despair for the want of a hero.

About this time her olfactory nerves probably came to the relief of her wearied imagination, and she smelt from afar off a great big, black, thicklipped, greasy, and strongly proportioned negro fellow.—Fancy whispered in her ear—"there's a hero for you." Fancy's suggestion commended itself to the approbation of her judgment, and forthwith she adopted this negro for her hero, and called him "Uncle Tom." The ratiocination that passed through her brain was most likely in this wise: My plan is to kill two birds with one stone. I am an abolitionist and wish to keep alive the fires of agitation.—It is impossible to send abolition tracts and the like to the South, denouncing slave-holders and the "peculiar institution." I propose to do that indirectly which I cannot do directly. The time is favorable. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Law has more than ever embittered the North against the South. Now, a novel professing to be founded on facts, detailing the horrors of slavery, will be read with great avidity by the Northern people, and hence I can make money by the sale: whilst at the South it will insinuate itself into the hands of a great many under the garb of fiction, and thus I can sow the seeds of agitation among the Southern people.

Well, the ground work being laid, Mrs. Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. Her success has doubtless surpassed her most sanguine expectations. It has been less than a year since the work was first issued, and she has already realized twenty thousand dollars from the sales. It has been read universally in the South. In England it has been read as extensively as in this country, probably more so.—Whilst it has been translated into the various languages of continental Europe, and is read there by all classes. In Paris and some other places it has been dramatised. Certainly no work that was ever written, has been so extensively read in the short time that has elapsed since its first appearance as Uncle Tom's Cabin. Well, what is the character of the book? We answer like Mr. Graham of Graham's Magazine—it is a "stupendous lie" from beginning to end. It is a foul abolition publication, intended insidiously to assail the institutions of the South. It is an ingeniously written story, founded here and there upon a mere scintilla of truth, enough to give it plausibility—while the main body of it is destitute of truth or the semblance of truth. The *fort* of the story, is its appeals to our sympathies, and better nature; and so successful is the artist that she can bring tears from the very man at whose interests and welfare she has aimed a deadly blow. We are free to confess that our sympathies were touched not a little when we read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was shortly after its first appearance, although we were satisfied—we *knew* that we were reading a lie all the time. It is a bad book—it can do no good but may do much harm. We would advise no one to read it.—*Ashville (N. C.) Spectator.*

Desperate Fight with a Panther.

The Arkansas Shield contains an account of a desperate fight between a man and two women on the one side and a panther on the other. The fight took place on Beaver Bayou, Philips county, Arkansas, on the 10th inst. The Shield says:

On the 10th, Mr. Grimes had left his house during the deep snow that then lay on the ground, to procure some fire wood in the adjoining forest—leaving in the house a sick child, his wife and her mother. Attracted by the crying of the child, it is supposed, a large and fierce panther approching the door of the house. The imitative notes of a child crying, drew to the door Mrs. Grimes, "most fortunately—for already was the nose of the fierce intruder thrust within the door. By an effort she succeeded in closing the door and shutting out the panther. An alarm was then given by the ladies, which drew to the house Mr. Grimes, supposing his child to be ill, and little dreaming by how fierce an enemy his cabin was besieged.

Judge then of his surprise upon seeing coolly seated upon the step of his door a huge panther. Mr. Grimes advanced and attempted to get possession of his gun, which Mrs. Grimes, had, opening the back door, brought around to him; crouching, with tail switching and eyes fiercely glaring, the panther watched every movement of Mr. Grimes, At the very moment that Mr. G. grasped his gun, and before he could use it, the panther made a deadly spring at his throat. With great presence of mind, and most miraculously, Mr. G. grasped the monster by the throat.—The panther got the left arm of Mr. G. in his mouth, and victory seemed to be with him.

Every muscle of Mr, G. was now called into action and strained to the utmost and a long struggle ensued; the panther was thrown, and by placing his knee on its neck and still retaining the grasp on its throat, he succeeded in releasing from the jaws of the panther his left arm. They again rose from the ground; Mr. G. never abandoning his vice like hold of his throat, had now both of its fore legs grasped in his left hand, he thus kept it at arm's length and prevented it from tearing him with its claws.

Victory was not yet with Mr. G., and he still might have met with a Waterloo defeat, had not the ladies, Blucher like, come up with reinforcements.

A pair of tongs and a "battling stick," were brought to bear upon the panther. One blow of the tongs sent down his throat several teeth—for so tight was the grasp of Mr. G. that the animals jaws were forced wide open. The heroines in this fight (Mrs. G. and her mother) continued laboring the panther until a blow broke it down in the lions. Mr. G. kept his hold until the panther breathed his last—and firmly believes that he choked the panther to death, notwithstanding the aid given him by the ladies. When captured, it measured 8½ feet from the tip of the nose to the end of its tail. Its skin now hangs on the outer side of his cabin, a trophy of a hard and bloody fight.

Mr. Grimes, is now much injured. So stiff is he in every muscle from his great exertions that he is unable to get about. One arm is much swollen and badly sprained, the other pierced in several places by the teeth of the panther. The scars of this fight he will bear with him to the grave if it does not become necessary to amputate his arm.

FLORIDA.

Florida has a white population of less than 50,000, smaller than any other of the thirty-one States, and yet St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States, having been founded in 1565, and the 'City' of Key West is the most populous town in the State, and is the southermost settlement in the United States.—The city contains about 3000 inhabitants, of which 300 are slaves—well cared for, cheerful and happy—1700 are Conchs, and the remaining thousand may be designated as the "rest of mankind." A correspondent of the Louisville Courier gives the following description of the 'Conchmen.'

"The Conchs, or a large portion of the inhabitants, are peculiar specimens of human kind—they immigrated to this Key from the Bahama Islands, some 260 miles east of this upon the other side of the Gulf Stream. When first or wherefore they were called Conchs, authentic history has not informed us; we know, however, that they are the descendants of English emigrants and the royalists of Georgia and Carolina, who settled upon and fled to the the sandy and barren Bahamas. Living there in comparative indolence, and disregarding the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, by marrying and intermarrying within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, they have become a distinct class or race, whom the Almighty has apparently marked with degeneracy. Among their children—and they are legion—you can occasionally recognize an expression or a feature of the 'human face divine.'

They are proverbially peaceful, honest, temperate and religious, but have none of the pugnatious energy, scheming procliety, and perpetual mobility of the Yankee genius. Their chief business is fishing, sponing, turtling and wrecking—and generally on their own account, and not as the hireling of others. The labor which a Northern or Western man performs at a dollar a day and one hundred and fifty dollars a year, the Conch regards as servile, and three dollars per day would not hire him to perform the same labor.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me Tom, and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the grass, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "Master" sleeps upon the hill, which coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced.
But the same old brick are in the wall; the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys are playing some old game, beneath that same old treee;
I do forget the name just now—you've played the same with me,
On that same spot: 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweet-hearts—"pretty girls"—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
It's very high—'twas once so low that we could almost reach;
And kneeled down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know, I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just below it, Tom, and you did mine the same,
Some heartless wretch had pealed the bark—'twas dying sure but slow.
Just as that one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties,
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid—some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, and when we'er called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE DANGERS OF FLIRTATION.

BY J. T. TOWBRIDGE.

"The world would hardly be worth living in if it were not for flirtation," exclaimed the gay and thoughtless Isabel Lee, as she laughingly entered her Aunt's room.

"I hope you are not serious," she said.

"There's nothing like flirtation," cried the merry Isabel. "But you look reproachful—angry,———"

"Oh, I am not angry," replied Mrs. Berford, with a melancholy smile.

"But you are displeased."

"Your words recall recollections which cause me to feel sad, Isabel, that's all.—Sit down here by my side, and you shall hear a story of one of my flirtations, which may change your mind."

Isabel sat down, looking thoughtful, and her aunt continued.

"When I was young like you, dear child, I was quite as gay and thoughtless as yourself. I was called a coquette, and I shame to confess that I gloried in the name—until the occurrence of the painful event I am about to relate."

Half a dozen times a year, I used to visit C———, and spend a week in the pleasant society of our friends in that place. There I frequently met a pale, handsome, sensitive young man named Gilborne, who paid me very flattering attentions, making me the theme of several poetic effusions, and with whose partiality I was very well pleased.

"I was warned by many well meaning friends against encouraging the addresses of so impulsive a person as Gilborne, who they said was more serious than I, and who might end by falling more deeply in love with me than I had expected or desired. I laughed at the idea, and finding the attentions of the young poet still agreeable, I continued to encourage him until it was too late."

"Too late! how so, Aunt?"

"Why, to my astonishment, he one day made a passionate declaration of love and offered me his hand."

"And you did not love him?"

"No, child. I was merely pleased with him. But even then I did not suppose that it was more than the result of a sudden impulse which would pass away with my visit to C———. So I respectfully declined his offer, laughed at the idea of marrying at that age, and begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind. On the following day I left C———, and returned home.

"Letters and poetry followed me, breathing the most passionate devotion, and burning with the eloquence of love.—They bore no name, but I knew they were from Henry Gilborne. But I was beginning to be very much annoyed. I took counsel with my friends, and determined to send all future epistles back to him unopened. I returned two letters in this manner, and received no more, but three or four weeks after, I received a newspaper, in which there was a sonnet addressed to me under a fictitious name, and signed with his initials. He had discovered a new mode of reaching me with his passionate effusions; and from that time a sonnet or song signed 'H. G———,' came to me in the C——— Gazette nearly every week.

At this time Mr. Berford was paying me his addresses; he was one of nature's noblemen—frank, generous, firm in what he considered right, and a gentleman in his manners. Having learned a lesson from the unhappy termination of my last flirtation, I received Mr. Berford's addresses in a different manner from what I had been accustomed to do, and in a short time we were married.

"The ceremony took place in a church. I loved Mr. Berford. Gilborne was at that moment entirely forgotten, and I was perfectly happy. I had not a thought to disturb my peace of mind—the calm repose of my heart, which I had so willingly, and gladly given away—until, as we were passing the church, my eyes fell upon a wild, haggard figure, standing near the door.

It was Gilborne! His face was dreadfully pale, his lips ashy, his eyes gleamed with unnatural brightness, and he trembled in every limb. I started, uttered a suppressed cry, and shuddering, clung to my husband's arm. A pang went through my heart—a pang of remorse and dread which I shall never forget.

"What's the matter?" Edward asked. I could not reply. But he saw my eyes fixed upon the haggard object in the doorway, and knew why I shuddered, for I had told him of my unfortunate flirtation.

"Is that Gilborne?" he asked.

"Yes," I murmured.

By this time all eyes were fixed upon the wretched man. It was not his pale face and wild eyes alone that attracted attention; his dress was disarranged, his long, dark hair fell in disordered locks about his cheeks, and his garments were covered with dust of travel. But while all eyes were fixed on me alone; and in my alarm and confusion, I felt the blood forsake my cheeks, then burn them like fire.

Gilborne fell back as we approached the door, and bowed solemnly with his hands on his heart, while we passed out. I was glad to lose sight of him, and I ardently hoped that his passion would be cured.

But his image as he stood there in the doorway haunted my brain, and it was many hours before I could compose myself.

I was beginning, however, to feel at ease again in the midst of our wedding guests, when a domestic came to say that a person wished to see me in the hall.—Thinking it was some invited friend who had arrived at a late hour, I hastened to the door alone. Imagine my consternation when I saw the wild figure of Gilborne standing before me.

"How do you do?" he asked, addressing me by my maiden name—"Won't you shake hands with me?"

I gave him my hand.

"You tremble," said he, fixing his wild eyes upon my face. "You are not afraid of me, I hope."

"Oh, no," I replied in an agitated voice—for his strange manner frightened me. "Why should I feel afraid? Come in."

"No, thank you; you have company, I see—and I make one guest too many. And you see I am not dressed for a party," said he glancing at his disordered attire. "So you will excuse me. Ha! ha! wouldn't I cut a pretty figure?"

"But I cannot talk to you here," I said.

"Oh, I will not detain you a minute. I have—ha! ha! I have a question to ask, which is really so absurd, when I think of it, that I cannot help laughing! They told me," he said, in a pleasant and confidential tone—"they told me—ha! ha! think of the absurdity of the thing—they told me you were married!" and he burst into a wild laugh.

"I knew better," he continued; "but they say it is so, and to satisfy them I determined to come and ask you, for I suppose you ought to know, if any body. You are not married—ha! ha! ha! I had such a queer dream; I thought I was standing in the church door, and saw you coming out with your husband, and you would not speak to me. Wasn't it queer? and I knew all the time you would never marry anybody but me.—And we are not married yet, are we?—But who is here to-night? I never saw you dressed so beautiful before! Ah!" he added, striking his forehead, "I *dreamed* you were dressed so at your wedding."

Thus the wretched man went on, sometimes shedding tears. I knew he was insane; I tried to stop him, but I was too much frightened to speak. In my agitation I took hold of the bell wire and rang. A domestic came, and I sent her for Mr. Berford.

"Berford! who is he?" cried Gilborne, grasping my arm. "They told me that was the name of your husband. Say—you are—you are *not* married, are you?"

"Yes, Mr. Gilborne," I replied, trembling so I could hardly speak. "I am married and here is my husband."

To my great relief I saw Mr. Berford advance into the hall. Gilborne started back, fixed his eyes upon my husband with a wild and fierce expression which caused me to fear for him.

But Edward was undaunted. Returning Gilborne's gaze with a firm, steady, commanding look, he advanced towards him and demanded what he wanted.

The dangerous spirit of the insane man was subdued. He hung his head and burst into tears.

"Nothing," he murmured. I want nothing now, I have been dreaming. I will not trouble you again. May you be happy?"

He turned and staggered out of the door, and I heard his unsteady footsteps die away in the distance.

"Poor wretch," murmured Edward, as he kindly took my hand, "he is to be pitied! But you are agitated. I hope," he added, in an anxious tone, "you have nothing to blame yourself for in this matter."

"I wish I had not," I exclaimed fervently, "But, oh, Edward, I feel that I have indeed acted wrong—although heaven knows, I never intended he should love me."

"Well, do not reproach yourself too severely," he replied in a mournful voice. "Let us go back to the parlor and forget what has taken place."

We returned together, and Edward's presence alone sustained me for the rest of the evening. Fear, pity, and remorse made my heart faint, and my cheek pale, and I was wretched."

"I think I understand your feeling," said Isabel, who had listened with deep interest. "I know how I should have felt under a conviction that any thoughtlessness of mine had ruined a fellow being's happiness—perhaps had shattered his intellect. But you heard from Gilborne again?"

"Listen. He disappeared. For more than a year he was absent, and nobody knew what had become of him.

A thin, haggard youth, who wandered about the country, begging his bread from door to door, giving in return for charity the touching songs which he sang in a soft, melancholy voice, and the musical tones of an accordeon he carried with him, on which he played with peculiar feeling and skill. Everybody treated him kindly, for although he was evidently of an insane mind, there was a mildness—a melancholy enthusiasm about him which won all hearts.

Search was made for him. His friends were not mistaken in their suspicions. He was the wandering Gilborne!"

"Oh, Aunt," exclaimed Isabel, tears filling her eyes.

"They carried him back to C———. For several weeks he seemed contented to remain at home, but at length his disposition to wander returned, and he disappeared again.

One chilly, rainy day, I was sitting alone in my room, amusing myself with my first child—then about six months old—when there was a ring at the door.—Our domestic had gone out, and there being nobody in the house but me, I left little Ella playing on the floor, and I went to open the door.

I started back with an exclamation of alarm. Gilborne, drenched with the cold rain, was standing on the steps.

My first impulse was of fear, and I would have shut the door in his face, had he not looked up and said in a melancholy voice—

"It rains. May I come in?"

I was touched. I held the door open while he entered. There was a fire in the sitting-room, and I made him sit down before it to dry his clothes. For ten minutes not a word was spoken by either of us; but his wild eyes followed me about the room wherever I went. I trembled with an undefinable dread, and oh! how ardently I longed to hear the footsteps of Edward in the hall. I tried to speak to the wretched man, but for some reason I could not; and his eyes still followed me in silence.

At length, to my dismay, I heard Ella crying in the next room. Gilborne started.

"Is that your child?" he asked.

I trembled as I replied that it was.—Turning deadly pale, he started from his seat, and approached the room whence the cry proceeded. Much as I feared him, I caught his arm. The thought that in a moment of phrenzy he might do violence to my child made me desperate.

"You must not go there," said I. I can hardly tell what followed. I remember that his eyes glared upon me with a momentary blaze of maniac passion—that he pushed me from him—that a dizzy sickness came over me, and I fell upon the floor.

When I recovered my senses, I saw him bending over my darling Ella, as she lay on the rug gazing up with baby wonder in his face. With a cry of terror I sprang forward. He raised his hand.—There was no frenzy in his eyes, but tears gushed from them, and rolling down his sallow cheeks, fell like rain upon the face of my child.

He kissed her, and rising from his knees, begged my pardon in a soft and melancholy voice, and in words so delicate and touching that I burst into tears. Before I could speak he was gone.

"How singular!" exclaimed Isabel.

From that day Gilborne's insanity disappeared. He is now a minister at C.

"Is that the man, the pious benevolent, mild preacher, whom everybody loves so well?"

"The same. He turned to heaven the affections which were thrown away upon my unworthy self. I believe he is happy, but even now, when I hear of thoughtless flirtations, I am pained by the reflections they call up."

"But they seldom have such a melancholy termination, dear aunt," timidly suggested Isabel.

"True. Disappointment in love generally leaves sorrow in the heart without shattering the brain. But there are beings of such fine and sensitive natures, that the health of both the mind and body depends upon the soundness of their affection."

Isabel bowed her fine head to hide a blush and a tear, and from that day she was never known to indulge in thoughtless flirtations.

☞ Charity should begin at home.

Reserving the Right of Passage.

'Once upon a time,' there came to Boston a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the science of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a little sprinkling of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study.

On entering into his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman occupying the room also as a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners, courteous, yet cold, and he thus addressed his companion:

'Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but, in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room-mates, with none of whom I could ever agree—we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim the one nearest the window.'

The Kentuckian assented.

'Now, said the Frenchman, 'I'll draw a boundary line through our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the rights of the other,' and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he made the mark of division, midway, from one side of the room to the other. 'Sir,' he added, 'I hope you have no objection to the treaty.'

'None in the world, sir,' answered the stranger; 'I am perfectly satisfied with it.' He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while 'Old Kentuck' was watching him and thinking what a queer genius he must be, and how he might 'fix him.'

Thus things went on until dinner time came. The bell was rung; the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and mustaches, and essayed to depart.

'Stand, sir!' said the stranger, suddenly placing himself with a toe to the mark, directly in front of the French student; 'if you cross that line you are a dead man.'

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed:

'Is it possible that I did not reserve the right of passage.'

'No, sir, indeed you did not; and you pass this line at your peril.'

'But how shall I get out of the room?'

'There is the window, which you *reserved* to yourself—you may use that; but you pass not that door—*my* door, which you generously left me.'

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a third story window was not what it was cracked up to be, said to his new friend,

'Sir, in order that we may be *mutually agreeable*, I'll rub out that hateful chalk line, and let you pass.'

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of that boundary question, they have been the very best friends.—*American Union.*

IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—A Cuban correspondent of the Raleigh Standard says—

Dr. Finley an English practioner of long experience Cuba, in and a graduate of Paris, has discovered in the course of his practice in cases of small-pox, that vacine virus, after once having passed through the negro's system becomes unless as a prophylatic to the white race. This fact may in some degree explain the rapid extension and fatality of that disease whenever it visits that Island. Dr. Carthwright, an eminent physician of New Orleans, who has published an elaborate essay, in which he argues the origin of the different races of mankind; has seized hold on the fact developed in the practice in Cuba, as strong proof in favor of the doctrine maintained by him.

FRANKLIN.--Not the half of Franklin's merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of the great design at Albany; and in New York he lifted up his voice. Here among us he appeared as the apostle of the Union. It was Franklin who suggested the Congress of 1774, and but for his wisdom, and the confidence that wisdom inspired, it is a matter of doubt whether that Congress would have taken effect. It was Franklin who suggested the bond of Union which binds these States from Florida to Maine.—*Bancroft.*

☞ The once powerful empire of Turkey seems destined to be blotted from the map of Europe, and ultimately will exist only by toleration in Asia. Of its large possessions, Egypt has been virtually lost; Greece has regained its independence, and the Crimea is occupied by a European race; Russia has established a protectorate in Moldavia and Wallacia, and Montenegro is now under the protection of Austria, which country, it is more than probable, will soon extend its dominion over the Turkish provinces on the Adriatic, if it has not done so already. The crescent is paling before the cross.—*Boston Journal.*

☞ The inimitable Dodge of the Bos-*Museum* is responsible for the following:

Mr. Museum—If a dog's tale is kut awf intirely would it interfere with his lowcomotion?

Answer—Not exactly—it mite not affect his carriage, but it would intirely stop his *woggin.*

Owls Kill Humming Birds.

BY FANNY FERN.

We are not to suppose that the oak wants stability because its light and changeable leaves dance in the music of the breeze—nor are we to conclude that a man wants solidity and strength of mind because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity.

No indeed. So if you have the bump of mirthfulness developed, don't marry a tombstone. 'You come skipping into the house with your heart as light as a feather, and your brain full of merry fancies. There he sits—stupid, solemn and forbidding.

You go up and lay your hands upon his arm; he is magnetized about as much as if an omnibus driver had punched him in the ribs for his fare, and looks in your face with the same expression he'd wear if contemplating his ledger.

You turn away and take up a newspaper. There's a witty paragraph; your first impulse is to read it aloud to him.—No use! he wouldn', see through it till the middle of next week. Well, as a sort of escape valve to your *ennui* you sit down at the piano and dash off a waltz; he interrupts you with a request for a dirge.

Your little child comes in—heaven bless her, and utters some of those innocent prettinesses that are always dropping like pearls from children's mouths. You look to see him catch her up and give her a smothering kiss. Not he! He's too dignified.

Altogether, he's about as genial as the north side of a meeting house. And see you go plodding through life with him to the dead march of his own leaden thoughts. You revel in the sunbeams, he likes the shadows. You are on the hill tops, he is in the plains. Had the world been made to his order, earth and sky would have been one universal pall; not a green thing in it except—*himself!* No vine would 'cling,' no breeze 'dally,' 'woo.' Flowers and children—woman and squirrels would never have existed. The sun would have been quenched out for being too mercurial, and we should have crept through life by the pale, cold moon!

No—no—make no such shipwrecks of yourself. Marry a man that is not to ascetic to enjoy a good merry laugh. *Owls kill humming birds.*

CURIOUS CONUNDRUM OR REBUS.—'A wagoner passing a store, was asked what he had in his wagon. He replied,

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles do meet,
A rectangle triangle standing on feet;
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete.

Quere.—What was in the wagon?'

That is a very ingenious 'puzzle'—but after some study, we can cry *eureka.* Thus three-fourths of a cross is a T. A circle complete is an O. An upright where two semi-circles meet is a B. A triangle standing on feet is an A. Two semi-circles are CC and a circle is O. TOBACCO is what was in the wagon.

That wagoner may *wag on.*

☞ A newsboy rushed into a retail shirt store in Chatham street recently, and accosted the proprietor:

"Say, mister, do you retail shirts here?"

"Yes, my son, we give them to you at five shillings a piece—very nice ones."

"Oh, blazes, but I don't want a whole one; but I seed your sign, 'shirts retailed,' and I thought you might re-tail mine, for it wants it bad; a dog got hold of it, and he wouldn't let go until I had killed him."

"Well, sonny, you had better go over the way. We cant retail your old one here."

LIABILITY OF RAILROAD COMPANIES.—We learn from the Romney (Va.) Intelligencer that, on the 14th instant, in the Circuit Court for that county, Angus W. McDonald obtained a judgment for $40 against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, as a penalty for failing to take the plaintiff up at Paddytown and allow him to travel in the passenger cars. It is stated that several other suits of the same character are pending in that court.

'Barney, where have you been?'

'To widow Mullony's ball, and an illegant time we had of it—five fights in fifty minutes, and a knock down with the watchman that left but one whole nose in the house, and that belonged to the teakettle. Be dad the like were never seen since we 'walked Donnelly.'

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN NEW YORK.—It is said that more than fourteen hundred packages of articles for exhibition in the Crystal Palace in Reservoir Square have already arrived from foreign ports, and fears are entertained that there will be insufficient room in the building to accommodate all the applicants.

ANOTHER "BANK" CLOSED.—A concern called the "Bank of America," located on 4½ street, in Washington, has closed its doors, and given notice that its notes will be redeemed by Messrs. Chubb & Brothers, and Messrs. Selden, Withers & Co., of that city, and Messrs. Strachan and Scott, brokers in New York.

☞ 'Do you like novels?' asked Miss Fitzgerald of her country lover.

'I can't say,' he replied, 'I never ate any, but I tell you, I'm some on possums.'

☞ The New York Times calls "Billy Bowlegs" "Mr. William Cruikshanks." This is carrying politeness to a considerable distance.

☞ He who makes an idol of his interest, will make a martyr of his integrity.